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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Tyrol.* By the Author of "Spain in 1830." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Whittaker and Co.

A MORE agreeable travelling companion than Mr. Inglis, or one who takes his reader more completely along with him, *sit absens ut presens*, we do not know. He is the observer of things as they are; and next to the pleasure of seeing what he describes, is the pleasure of hearing his descriptions. With this eulogy, we shall proceed to these two new volumes, with which he has just presented us—volumes, not only of easy writing, but of easy reading; clever sketches of an interesting country, and requiring no effort of mind to enjoy the simple scenery and characteristics which they exhibit.

Crossing France, Mr. Inglis (A.D. 1831) spent some time in Bavaria, and thence penetrated into the Tyrol, where he stayed several weeks, exploring the Valley of the Inn, and afterwards parts of the Southern Tyrol, towards Italy. Of the condition of Bavaria, its government and population, the picture he draws is very favourable. The paternal rule of the king, and the general happiness of the people; the illustrious patronage of the arts and sciences by the monarch, and the flourishing state of his small kingdom, seem to be models for imitation, however great the political power, or extensive and informed the country, which might take a leaf for a lesson out of the Bavarian system. Let us illustrate our position:—

"At Leutkirch," says the author, "we rested two hours,—and these two hours I occupied very agreeably. There was a children's feast; about two hundred boys and girls, all the girls dressed in white, headed by a band of music, and several banners, walked to a neighbouring hill, where preparations had been already made for their reception. And first, having formed two circles, the girls inside, and the boys without, a grave, but good-humoured, elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people, commending them for their industry and proficiency at school, and telling them, that they were assembled to enjoy themselves, to eat as much bun as they pleased, and to play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the boys to behave with gentleness and kindness to their female playmates. Then the same old gentleman distributed prizes to the little boys and girls; and a quantity of embroidered and sewed work was then produced from a basket, and exposed to the grown-up audience for sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes; and this being done, all the boys and girls were dismissed to their games. The next moment all were at play, boys and girls mingling promiscuously; numerous tables too were spread with buns, and light wine and water, to which the youngsters resorted for refreshment. One beautiful little girl, about twelve years of age, appeared to be queen of the games; she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which

was yielded alike to her superior age, and charming countenance. It was altogether a beautiful and pleasing scene. New-fangled notions of education and propriety had evidently made no progress in Bavaria,—there was no torturing of nature: children were children,—not ridiculous caricatures of men and women,—and the buoyancy of childhood was not curbed by the silly prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind-hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him, and expressing the great pleasure I had received. I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the improvements of modern times. They know but little in Bavaria of the march of mind; the old gentleman had never heard of mechanics' institutes, or libraries for the people. 'Tis a great discovery,' said he, 'but tell me one thing: are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?' but as my voiturier was impatient,—the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth, I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer; and we were soon on the road to Meiningen."

We are not led away by the *couleur de rose* on a passing scene like this, to underrate the actual wants which the same people may suffer; or to undervalue the substantial advantages which we of England, or France, or any other highly advanced nation, may have introduced in the stead of these simple and patriarchal means; but it does make one's heart ache to look on such enjoyments, and see them coupled with comparative ignorance; while, if we turn to the other side, and contemplate the lower orders where intellect has had his boasted march,—where the schoolmaster is abroad,—where there is a diffusion, or, more in the cant phraseology of the school, a spread of useful knowledge,—we are saddened with the effects of a diffusion of poverty, and discontent, and wretchedness. Verily, to east of the modern Tree of Knowledge seems, as it were, to destroy the happiness of innocency, and to make us familiar with evil. Our very pleasures assume a more corrupt form. Men, women, and children, are driven from those recreations which, in earlier and less enlightened times, were allowed as the solace for labour—the moments to unknit the ravelled sleeve of care: and pastime is regarded as if it were guilt. And what are the consequences? Vice prevailing in its most odious shapes—drunkenness, unmitigated by the puny efforts of temperance societies—the secret profanation of the Sabbath increased by puritanical attempts at enforcing outward observances—a dislike of all authority, growing with the growth of that meddling coercion which interferes with every pleasure of the poor and humble, but insists on their being educated, and improved, and industrious without relaxation, and moral, and religious, and miserable. A calm view of the

subject is absolutely distressing; we feel the abstract truth,—that superior information ought to lead to superior comfort; but when we look around us, over the surface of civilised Europe, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet,—

"No more:  
Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

Ascending the scale of refinement, we learn that in Bavaria "the Academy of the Fine Arts was founded in the year 1808; in which painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, are taught gratuitously to above a hundred pupils; and the result has been gratifying to the founders. There are at this moment many most promising artists in Munich; and all who devote themselves to the study of any branch of the fine arts, may reasonably entertain the agreeable belief, that genius is assured of its reward, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the present royal family. Besides the Munich gallery, there are several private collections worthy the attention of a stranger; particularly those of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and of the Count Richberg. The former of these contains about one hundred and fifty *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the schools;—among them, several pictures by Schidone, Paul Veronese, An. Caracci, Guercino, and Tintoretto; and some charming things by Wouvermans, Berghem, Paul Potter, Vanderhelde, Holbein, and Denner. In the Prince's collection there is also 'a Magdalen of Canova,' and the 'Three Graces,' from the hand of the same celebrated artist. The other collection has the honour of containing a small and very beautiful 'Entombment,' by Raphael. A 'St. Catherine,' by Da Vinci, 'The Annunciation,' by Albano, 'St. John Baptist,' by Murillo, and other productions of true excellence, by Carlo Dolce, Rembrandt, Dominichino, Titian, Mola, Parmegiano, Breughel, Ruysdael, &c. Besides these, there are many other private collections; and I do not hesitate to say, that the true lover of the fine arts might find employment, and delightful employment too, in the picture-galleries of Munich, during at least two months. I have already incidentally mentioned the Glyptothek, and now return to it with eagerness. This most chaste and beautiful edifice, destined for the reception of ancient statues, was not quite completed when I visited Munich; but it had made so much progress towards completion, that one might well form an opinion of its claims to distinction. I do not hesitate to say, that a journey from London to Munich would be well repaid by a visit to the Glyptothek; which in the beauty of its marbles, is not equalled by any edifice in Europe. I say this with some boldness, having seen the marbles of the Escorial, which has hitherto been admitted to possess the finest marbles in the world; but nothing that I have seen either in the Escorial, or in any other edifice, will bear a comparison with the floors and walls of the Glyptothek. It is said, that this building is the king's hobby; and a charm-

ing hobby it is—to watch the elevation and completion of so beautiful a monument to the fine arts, nor less a monument to the good taste and wise economy of a prince. Well indeed may the King of Bavaria enjoy a walk through the halls of his Glyptothek; and the reflection, that although the monarch of one of the smallest states, no head of the greatest empire has reared so proud a trophy. As yet, the number of statues, and the relics of ancient sculpture, brought into the Glyptothek, are insufficient to fill its halls; but the attention of the king is constantly directed towards the accumulation of objects that may be worthy of being received into so beautiful a temple; and there is little doubt that ere long the contents of the Glyptothek will be scarcely less worthy of admiration than the building itself."

This is in Bavaria—a kingdom of some three million and a half of souls; not enriched by commerce, and of small revenue. But the mere visits of travellers to the capital, to examine these beautiful buildings, and their treasures in art, will far more than repay the royal expenditure. The Glyptothek is not an architect's fanciful job, but a real ornament to the city. The different objects of veneration and study have their different and appropriate temples; and are not put into common lodg-

\* We had thought to have done with the proposed disfigurement of London, in the shape of an arched and cupolaed Greek National Gallery, with the Royal Academy at the other end; but having met with the following critique on the Exhibition at Somerset House so long ago as August 5, 1821, we cannot deny it insertion as a curious ante-contest upon our recent remarks:—

"*Architectural Designs, continued.*—*Principal Front of the New Church, Nottingham.* How unnecessary to have placed W. Wilkins against this subject! A mannerist in composition, style, form, drawing, paper, even to the very tint and strength of his Indian ink, who would not have recognised W. Wilkins, the *Ephraim Smooth* of the masqueraders in the Library of the Royal Academy? Often has it been a matter of speculation to us, when an instance of decided mannerism, whether ancient or modern, has offered itself to our imagination, to trace out and embody the master 'idea,' which has given such peculiar character to all succeeding ones, to detect the causes which have made it 'lord paramount,' and given it absolute dominion, excluding general nature, with all her unlimited variety, and admitting but one 'caste,' whose characteristic form or colour prevails in all circumstances. In some cases, all our conjectures were useless and unprofitable; the enigma appeared inexplicable: no hypothesis we could form would account for the apparent absurdities, or combine the seeming contradictions. In others, after longer or shorter periods of cogitation, we have been more successful. For some time we were disposed to place Mr. Wilkins among the more obstinate cases. With an education opening to him the written treasures of all ages—with a course of study which has exposed to him the glorious remains of antiquity, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern art; with a fortune which has driven from him the cares which annoy many of his contemporaries, and with a patronage which has given to him several of the most envied opportunities—why has he been contented with the paltry ambition of literally repeating the few combinations which Grecian art has left, regardless of time, place, and circumstance? Never altering as he advanced in life and experience, never giving ground for the slightest hope of such alteration; but, insensible as a fragment of Mount Pencilus, standing alone, unmoved by the solicitations and demands which the manners and customs of the present age have made upon him. We never could satisfactorily account for this, though we have been guessing for years; till, taking up, in a leisure half-hour, the *Moments of Martinus Scribnerus*, we believe the truth burst upon us. We believe Mr. Wilkins has adopted the practice of that most excellent person, and that 'he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or convenience, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit—the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.' But, ah! is Mr. Wilkins venturing upon Gothic? (1,005) O! Greece, 'deserted at thy utmost need,' Wilkins, the broker of thy architectural forms—the retailer of thy very errors—the importer of thy goods—the dealer in thy chattels,—has forgotten his discoveries in Magna Græcia, his oaths of allegiance to the Dilettanti, all his acts and monuments of former times; and, slipping off (not without injury) from the shoulders of old Ictinus, he assumes, at Dummore, a martial air, and struts a Goth before us. Here we see him. We never did before so distinctly. Form and precedent have always concealed him, and tolerated successfully; for the beautiful forms of Grecian architecture are of such novel and general application, that it requires the apathy of critics of a much higher degree of insensibility than we

ings together, like all sorts of travellers at an inn.

Neither do we find the economical and useful neglected for the refined and splendid.

"I was (says Mr. Inglis) greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade; so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the prison walls. It is like a general manufactory—carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers, all are seen plying their trades; but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance. Whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to maintain him is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires, and is then given to him—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company, and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being, of course, present. Shortly before I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired received no less than 800 florins (about 83*l.* sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners) follow their trades also: we see embroidery, stocking-weaving, straw-hat-making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged. Women who have been servants before, are servants still: cooks are cooks—housemaids, housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the prison is performed by the criminals; and all their wants are supplied by themselves or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse, and found both excellent. The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison (*i.e.* the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained), to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins (upwards of 6000*l.*) per annum—a sum which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended. I saw some prisoners confined for life, for crimes which in England would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are de-

can yet boast of, to analyse the relation between them and their position, or question the propriety of their presence, let them be introduced to our attention wherever they may, even in cases where the use of them was a deliberate prostitution. Mr. Wilkins has ventured further in this way than any man living. Messrs. Inwoods may think this unjust, but it is true. Beginning with the frontispiece (to speak technically, and very correctly, for we cannot say portico) of his own house, and running up the scale of his merits, the appointment of architect to the repetition of the Parthenon in Scotland would have been the climax of his professional honours. We wonder it was not given to him *per acclamation*. 'Twas his by prescription; and the assumption of it by the gentleman whom we understand has it, is injurious to both. 'It not enriches him,' and makes Wilkins 'poor indeed.'—*The Guardian*.

"We must protest against the application of this term to persons who do no more than repeat, however laboriously, that which has been invented before them. *Architect* certainly implies genius. It would be a curious theory which should prove that the least particle was necessary to produce the new church at Panora, or the design of the mansion at East Stratton."

nied to those whose punishment is for a limited term: it is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope, by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life. The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline and just restraint are united to those arrangements that insure the health and improvement of the prisoners; and the building itself is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were 666 persons confined, 140 of whom were women. A detail like the above may well lead to important reflection. The adaptation of punishment to crime, as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation; and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source information that may direct them right in this matter. The system pursued in the prison of Munich appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating upon crime and punishment: the state is not burdened with the expense of transporting prisoners to distant colonies, nor of maintaining them at home; nor is the criminal turned out of prison without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard-judging world. The two great objects ought unquestionably to be, correction of the criminal's habits while under punishment—and some security that, when punishment ends, these corrected habits may continue. It is well understood now, though not acted upon, that the punishment of crime does not deter others from the commission of it; and that, therefore, the two objects above stated are the only wise and legitimate objects of punishment. Solitary imprisonment—which finds many advocates—may effect the first; but cannot effect the second of these objects: nor does it even always certainly effect the first object—that of correction. It may, or it may not: some minds may be tamed and tutored by it,—and the awfulness of solitude, and the weary, but only resource of reflection, must no doubt often produce an advantageous result: but minds of a different complexion may be hardened by solitude: impatience of its loneliness may produce a bitterness and doggedness of feeling; and reflection, in place of leading to wholesome meditation, may run in a wrong channel. But, at all events, whatever may be the effects of this punishment in correcting the habits, or rather, in improving the mind of the prisoner, its benefit ceases with its term; and it is impossible to conceive a case of greater cruelty, than that of a criminal, who, after being trained, by a long course of punishment, for habits of honesty and industry, is then thrown loose upon the world, with no temptation to the one, or call upon the other. I cannot, for my own part, conceive any system so perfectly adapted for the correction of idle and profligate courses, as daily employment in the trade to which a felon has been accustomed, in his innocent days,—with a knowledge that his industry is not only procuring him his daily bread, but that it is forming for him a little

stock, by which, when his confinement is over, he may carry with him a claim to the consideration of others,—which is the surest foundation of self-respect: it seems a return to honest days: he is again a tradesman, living by his labour, and laying by the surplus from his necessities; nor am I sure that the society and conversation of others, actuated, like himself, by similar feelings, and with similar hopes, under the surveillance of proper persons, is any bar to an improvement in his feelings. Few men are bettered by continued solitude—however advantageous occasional retirement may be; and if something be subtracted from the severity of punishment, by permitting under proper restraints an intercourse among the prisoners, it is amply compensated by other advantages. It would be impossible, indeed, to combine solitary imprisonment with the system pursued in the prison of Munich—because it would be impossible to have a separate forge for every blacksmith, who indeed cannot work alone—or a separate workshop for every saddler or carpenter. The Munich system appears in fact to come as near perfection as any human institution can. To be faultless, is a vain hope; to err as little as possible, is all that can be reasonably desired. Whether as respects the state, the offender, or society, it seems to accomplish all that legislation can hope for. The demands of public justice are satisfied without any expense to the revenue; but on the contrary with an advantage. The constant labour of six or eight hundred persons increases the product of national industry, and therefore enriches the state—which is also a gainer in another way. Many of the army accoutrements,—saddles, caps, knapsacks, and belts, shoes, horse-shoes, and clothing, are produced from prison labour; and although the prisoners be paid for their labour, there is no injustice in paying for it at a somewhat lower rate than it could be obtained for in the free market. Prison maintenance, in which no kind of strong drink forms any part, costs but an inconsiderable sum, so that the surplus is always sufficient to form a respectable fund at the conclusion of the punishment. Then, if we pass from the state, which is benefited, to the offender, we find a result still more important: industrious habits are recovered, or formed; the desire of acquisition is addressed, and the hope of respectability engendered. There are but few rogues from choice; idleness and poverty—twin-sisters, are the fruitful mothers of crime; and after the offender has thus expiated his crime, and in expiating it, improved his own habits and character, he is placed in the world with a desire for gaining his bread in an honest way, and with the means of subsistence until he finds employment, or travels to that part of the kingdom where he may expect to meet friends. It is true that in some cases the freed offender may squander his money, and recur to his old practices; but it is more likely that he will not; and that the possession of a sum of money greater perhaps than he ever had before, will produce its usual effect—a desire of adding to it. Upon a matter of this kind nothing can be so satisfactory as facts. I took some pains to ascertain the result, as far as those in the management of the prison could inform me; and I learnt that in but few cases offenders were committed a second time—and that those who had been dismissed with the largest sums had in no instance returned. Many of the young who had been taught trades in the prison were respectable handicraftsmen and tradesmen, and crime was yearly on the decrease. As for the results of the system on society, these appear to

be equally favourable to society as to the state, and upon the criminal himself. Little more argument is needed in proof of this, than that crime diminishes under the system; and it cannot surely require any proof in favour of so clear a position, as that society is less likely to be injured by the return of some thousands of felons, with improved habits, and money in their pockets, than by an equal number of pennyless vagabonds let loose upon it. With respect to the delusion of severe punishment deterring from crime, it is perfectly well known that the contrary is the fact—that whenever the enactments of law cease to be in accordance with men's opinions, they become worse than useless—that sympathy with the criminal, and not respect for the law, is engendered—and that evil thoughts are born in the very sight of exemplary punishment. Thieves, forgers, and incendiaries, have sprung into existence in front of a gallows, and a man hanging in chains on a moonlight heath has begotten a murderer. \* \*

“Munich (he continues) is rich in those establishments which profess to relieve or ameliorate men's physical condition. There is an institution for the reception of the poor, which are of two classes,—those who are unable to work, and those who are unable to procure it. The first class are received without any other recommendation than helplessness and indigence, and are clothed, lodged, and fed. The second class are furnished with employment suitable to their capacity. There, as in the prison, every trade is carried on; and in consideration of their labour, the poor are provided for, so long as they choose to remain upon the establishment. The number belonging to the second class while I was in Munich, amounted to 1487. This institution is supported, partly by royal donation, and partly by private benevolence. The general hospital is another noble institution. The building, in the construction of which every modern improvement has been introduced, is capable of containing from 700 to 800 sick persons. These are divided into three classes; those who are received gratuitously,—which of course includes by far the greater number; those who pay an annual subscription of four florins (nearly 11s.) for the privilege of the hospital at all times when required, and those strangers, or persons in a superior rank of life, who wish to be no inconvenience or burden to friends, and who, by paying thirty kreutzer per day, are received into the common ward,—or by paying about 3s. sterling per day, are accommodated with a private chamber, and attendant, nourishment, medical advice and remedies,—and with all, in short, that the most skilful physicians may consider necessary towards the cure of a disease. This is certainly a splendid and humane institution. A noble garden is attached to it,—whose fine walks, pleasant shades, flowers, and freshness, are well suited to assist in the re-establishment of health.”

How far some of these admirable provisions might be employed on a larger scale, we cannot determine; but sure we are, that the most beneficial hints may be adopted from them, and that experiments ought to be tried in our prison discipline, of which, every where varying according to the ideas of magistrates and gaolers, nothing is heard but complaints of its expense, inefficiency, and ruinous effects.

These extracts have, perhaps, led us to loiter too long in Bavaria, where, by the by, “every traveller must pay four pence English, for a permit to leave every town; but this expense is more than compensated by his being allowed to keep his passport in his pocket:” and we

shall now accompany Mr. Inglis to the Bavarian Alps; reserving, however, our trip for next week.

*Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp, during the Siege of the Citadel, in Dec. 1832. By Captain the Hon. C. S. W. 12mo. pp. 362. London, 1833. Murray.*

THIS is a very graphic and interesting volume, and one for which we feel greatly obliged to Captain Wortley, and those who have assisted him in producing it. Military men will look forward for the minute details of the operations which we are taught to expect from General Haxo, who so skilfully and bravely directed them; but in the meantime the present account, obviously abstaining from the more scientific minutiae in deference to the French Commander of Engineers (without whose liberal consent a knowledge of them could not have been acquired), will not only satisfy public curiosity, but obtain a high degree of lasting popularity from the striking manner in which it is written.

A party of our countrymen having established themselves at Antwerp, where they formed a social and delightful mess, to witness the grand spectacle of a siege, where all the elements of this branch of the science of war were exhibited in reality, as on an experimental theatre, with a lecturer, instead of cannon and bombs, to explain them; the author repeats to us all the particulars of the lesson as it was taught to them, and very agreeably diversifies the theme by anecdotes of what fell under his own observation.

We commence with his *début* on the top of the theatre, for a night view of the contest.

“The scene presented to us (he says) was singular and striking. Constant flashes of fire in every direction; shells, having the appearance of shooting stars, passing at a tremendous height to and from the citadel, occasionally bursting in the air and presenting the innumerable sparks of a fire-work, or falling on the ground, and, with a tremendous crash, announcing their deadly havoc. In addition to this, there was an unceasing fire of cannon and of musketry kept up the whole time, every flash of which was easily distinguished; and, with the light-balls, which were thrown from the citadel by the Dutch, to enable them to judge of the progress of the works of the enemy,—as they remained unextinguished some time after they fell, presented a most animating and exciting spectacle. At intervals we heard stray shots whizzing by us at no great distance; but as we were not in the direction in which either party would naturally fire, our danger appeared much greater than it really was.”

This was about a fortnight after the siege had begun, when Capt. W. joined Lord Ranclagh, Col. W. Smith, Col. Scott, Lieut.-Col. Colin Campbell, Mr. Sterling, Capt. Parker, Capt. Fitzgerald, Capt. Ball, Capt. Hope, Capt. Brandreth; and from the last-mentioned able engineer, we surmise he received the narrative of the period preceding his arrival, and probably other assistance in the more technical and professional remarks, which could hardly be expected from a young and inexperienced officer. From this portion of the work we note a brief sketch of the parties immediately concerned.

“The Orangists muttered curses low, but deep, on French and Belgian alike; and privately offered to back ‘Old Chassé’ against all the efforts of the ‘Marshal,’ and the Monster Mortar of Belgium to boot. The *juste milieu* looked on with comparative indiffer-



ence, and contented themselves with hedging their bets on the two combatants; and the revolutionists, or third party, vapoured and flourished, and affected to be greatly annoyed at not being allowed to take the citadel themselves; and, though bitterly hostile to the Dutch, they were yet secretly, but obviously, gratified at any apparent error or failure of the French."

Captain Wortley's earliest impressions are vivid and amusing; for instance, of the French ladies.

"On approaching the Jardin de l'Harmonie, Colonel S. pointed out a road, with trees on each side, leading immediately to the trench, and along which a party of French were advancing. A number of soldiers were collected in and about the trench, laughing and joking. 'We shall have a shot presently,' observed the colonel, and almost immediately after, a shot passed over the trench, crashing the trees, and hopping up the avenue. The soldiers jumped hastily into the trench, and the advancing party moved at a quick step through a gateway, where they got under cover. As they were fully exposed to the fire while in the avenue, it cannot be denied that they bobbed obeisance to the shot; but a woman of the party, one of the *vivandières* or cantineers, attached to the regiment, and marching in the ranks, moved on at the ordinary pace, and with her head fairly erect. Each regiment had a certain number of women attached to it, who accompanied it into the trenches, bringing spirits and provisions with them for the use of the men. They were dressed in a uniform corresponding generally to that of the regiment. A light blue or French gray spencer, fitting close to the shape, with three rows of small brass buttons in front; a petticoat and drawers, or rather trousers of red cloth, and laced boots; a man's oiled-skin hat with the number of the regiment on it, and a brass plate on the arm with the name of the individual. There was an air of smartness, and occasionally of coquetry, about them, and at the same time a very passable decorum of manner, far removed from the notion generally entertained of a 'camp follower.' The inborn taste for dress of a Frenchwoman triumphed over the near approach of their costume to the male attire. The smart set of the hat—the gigot sleeves—the bustle—the scantiness of the petticoat, with other little feminine arrangements, redeemed them from any masculine appearance. They were to be seen, with their basket of provisions, in every part of the trenches, and at a later period, even in the breaching battery; and one of their tribe eminently distinguished herself on several occasions by her courage and humanity."

Of these same ladies we have a notice of a later date, when our countryman was permitted to visit the trenches.

"I was (he tells us) a good deal surprised to find several of the French soldiers belonging to the infantry on duty in a complete state of intoxication; some of them so much so, that their comrades were attempting to lift them on their legs, whilst others had lost all power of standing, and were fast asleep on the bank. It was easily accounted for when I had advanced a little farther, for there I saw two of the *vivandières* carrying baskets of provisions, with two or three very large bottles of gin, the contents of which they were distributing among the men, even in the presence of the officers. These women are most extraordinary creatures, who go through the greatest hardships. Two are generally appointed to each battalion, bearing the number of their regiment on their

black round hats. Their appearance is very picturesque, and they are singularly devoted to the service of the men on duty. As it was necessary to go through the form of tasting a glass of gin from a *vivandière*, I immediately demanded the usual portion, and drank it off, wishing her health and safety. She smiled, and was grateful when I presented her with a couple of francs for that which, from a common soldier, would probably have brought her about as many sous."

The following, relating to the French princes, will be read with interest:—

"The Duke of Orleans, who took his regular turn of duty in the trenches with the other general officers, as one of their rank, had an opportunity of displaying his coolness under fire, and attracting the applause of the army. On the occasion of his *baptisé*—a term applied to the soldier when sprinkled for the first time with the earth scattered by the enemy's projectiles—he saluted the shot by raising his hat: the action was performed very quietly, and appeared to be in accordance with a usual custom. The young prince was tall and gentlemanlike in his person, with a handsome countenance and courteous manners, and appeared desirous to render himself popular with the army. He had other occasional opportunities of the like nature; and the French soldiers noted with satisfaction any little trait of conduct creditable to the young duke. It was obvious that he bore in mind the essentially military character of his countrymen, and their admiration of gallant achievements; and it was generally understood that he had expressed a wish to lead on the storming party if the place should be assaulted; but the marshal had refused his consent unless the night of assault should happen to be the one in which the duke would be required to take his usual turn of duty in the trenches. The prince shewed himself desirous of earning the reputation of a gallant soldier; but it may be doubted whether he evinced any qualities that seemed to ensure future distinction. His countenance gave no indication of much strength of intellect or energy; and his quiet and somewhat listless manner was contrasted with the vivacity and martial bearing that in general distinguished the French officers. His younger brother, the Duke de Nemours, had apparently more of the spirit and intelligence of his countrymen, which, from his extreme youth, appeared to great advantage in him. The Duke of Orleans commanded a regiment of hussars, and his brother one of chasseurs; and it was amusing to see the little soldier by the side of the elder, stepping out proudly in emulation of his longer stride. \* \* A ball struck the parapet near the Duke de Nemours, and spattered him with earth; the French were delighted at the circumstance, and congratulated him on being *baptisé*. The gallant young prince received the compliment from the shot very quietly and well."

Before we come to other matters, or to any of the distresses of the scene, we are glad to cite an instance of respect for the fine arts. In the cathedral at Antwerp "the two celebrated pictures by Rubens were not visible, as they had been cased in by strong frames, and covered over with sacks and skins at the commencement of the siege, and made entirely splinter-proof, in case of an attack upon the town."

We now group three or four separate and interesting anecdotes together. In one house which our amateurs ascended to get a good view, "the owner (says the author) shewed us a hole through the roof of the building from which we were looking, occasioned by a small shell which had fallen there a few days before,

and related to us an extraordinary instance of the presence of mind of a little boy in his establishment, who happened to be in the upper garret at the time when it broke through the ceiling. The premises having been prepared in case of fire, by putting several tubs of water on each story, the moment he saw that it did not pierce the boards of the floor, he rushed up to it, rolled it into the water, which extinguished the fuse, and saved the building. We gave the boy a few francs;"—and well he deserved them for his cool courage and presence of mind.

Colonel S. (Scott?) being in the trenches, "a shell fell close to him as he was walking along among several of the men on duty; and, in order to protect himself from its explosion, he made for the securest part of the trench; when one of the soldiers, who had observed how judiciously he had placed himself, came laughing up, squeezed into the same place, pushed him out by the elbow, and, with a broad grin, exclaimed, 'Ici chacun pour son propre compte, monsieur.' Colonel S. could not help laughing at the cool and joking manner in which it was done, though it was by no means agreeable to be shoved within the reach of the explosion, which, however, fortunately missed him."

"There were, of course, several good-humoured jokes at the expense of the strangers; such as, 'Ah ça! encore nos amateurs. Dites-moi donc, caporal; est-ce que ces messieurs voyagent pour la santé?' There was one standing joke which produced much applause: 'Gare à bombe! gare à bombe!' And when, from the frequency of such missiles, no change appeared in the countenance or movement of those to be frightened, it usually drew down a compliment on the strangers and themselves: 'Ah ça! ils ne sont pas peureux, ces gens-là. Ils sont comme nous autres Français.' In return, *cigars de la Havanne* were distributed, and a sip of *eau de vie* offered in acknowledgment from a captain or subaltern out of his campaigning bottle."

Within the garrison, the Dutch displayed the most phlegmatic nonchalance.

"The shells were continually showering upon them; but they seemed to be walking about and talking together as if nothing were going on."

We regret to see it stated, more than once, that these brave men, when taken prisoners, were scandalously insulted by the Belgian populace. A procession of these—sailors guarded by a few French *gens-d'armes* (Captain W. relates)—"turned into the main street, in front of our hotel, and appeared in sight; the whole mass of people rushed towards the spot, and, finding they were Dutchmen, set up the most hideous yells and noises, insulted them in the most cowardly and brutal manner, and, notwithstanding their defenceless situation, pelted them with stones and every sort of missile; whereby one man was severely wounded in the face, so that the blood streamed down his cheeks. My contempt and disgust at the scene I beheld may be conceived, if not described; and I felt as if a nation whose people could be guilty of such disgraceful conduct must be unworthy of independence."

After the surrender, Colonel Caradoc and Sir G. Hamilton visited the brave veteran General Chassé, and the description of the interview is very attractive.

"Having entered the gates, which were guarded by a number of French soldiers, they passed through several passages under ground, and were introduced to his presence in a case-



mate, being a small square room, of eight or ten feet wide, with bare walls of stone, and one window. He appeared well in health and spirits, except that he was a good deal crippled by a disease in his legs, which prevented him from moving about much. His table was prepared for dinner, and laid for four people. The moment they entered the room, he raised himself as much as he could from the chairs, seized Colonel Caradoc's hands with both of his, in the most cordial and hearty manner, as if it was a satisfaction to him to meet an Englishman and treat him as a friend. Having offered them wine and refreshment, and made them sit down with him, he entered into the most interesting conversation respecting the siege, speaking in the highest terms of the devotion of his garrison: saying, that their hardships and privations had been most acute, and that they had defended the place as long as it was tenable. He seemed anxious for the approval and good opinion of the world in general, but particularly of the Duke of Wellington, of whom he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of admiration and respect. He said he had served under him, and had had opportunities of witnessing his splendid military talents; and to have his approbation and esteem was all he really wished for. He then begged Colonel Caradoc to make known to him how much he coveted and should honour his good opinion, as that of the greatest commander of the age, and that words could not express the admiration he felt for him. Upon which Colonel Caradoc replied, that he had not the honour of corresponding with the Duke, but referred him to Sir G. Hamilton, who had lately had some correspondence with him respecting his estate near Waterloo; and he assured him he should be proud to make any communication to him that he wished. He then asked Sir George to repeat to him the terms of admiration in which he had already spoken of him, and to say, that if he had his approval and esteem, he should be happy. I afterwards heard that the communication was made to the Duke of Wellington, who replied to him by letter in the most flattering terms, and praising him most highly for his brave defence."

Among the most painful parts of the volume are the accounts of the hospitals: that of the besiegers was shocking enough to humanity; but that belonging to the besieged displayed yet more appalling sufferings.

"Having (says Captain W.) made the complete tour of the citadel, we returned towards the hospital, and met a number of wounded men being carried away from it on brancards, or leaning on the arms of their comrades. Some were in a dreadfully lacerated state. They were carrying those who were well enough to be moved, to the Tête de Flandres, and into Antwerp, to give more room to the wretched creatures who were left to die. The surgeon took us into the hospital, which was a sort of gallery under ground, supported by beams and pillars, where the picture was truly dreadful. Groans and lamentations from all parts of it were heard; and the beds, which were on the floor, were so close to one another that each sufferer must have witnessed the tortures of those around him on all sides, when his own wounds granted him a momentary respite from pain. Part of the building being struck by shells, threatened to fall through upon its wretched inmates and bury them in its ruins. The whole was lighted up by a few candles, there being no windows or opening except the doors, which were also protected by a wall before them, forming a passage to its

entrance. Many were suffering the last agonies of death, and gazing upon us with a ghastly expression. Some of the wounds caused by the explosion of shells were described as dreadful; and one poor creature was pointed out to us who had lost both his legs and an arm in that way."

"The loss of the French is stated officially at 108 killed, and 695 wounded; amongst whom were 9 officers killed, and 18 wounded."

On the side of the Dutch (of whom a vast number were mere boys), "the garrison, originally consisting of about 4500 men, lost only, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, between 500 and 600; of which number 122 were killed, 369 wounded, and 70 missing."

In the conclusion, the opinion expressed is, that the French engineering was admirably conducted, but that the artillery was not so perfect, and, in fact, every way inferior to English artillery. That the garrison was too numerous for the line of passive defence which was adopted; and that the place might have made a more vigorous and scientific resistance.

Upon these points we can offer no remark, but must now send this announcement of a most agreeable book forth; only mentioning, that several clever views and plans add to its merits, and may induce readers also to see the same on an extended scale at Mr. Burford's Panorama.

*The Library of Romance, Vol. IV.* Edited by Leitch Ritchie. *The Stolen Child.* By John Galt. 12mo. pp. 338. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is a peculiar turn in Mr. Galt's mind, directing him to the choice of singular characters, and making it a source of delight to analyse these singularities, and investigate the many and curious links which bind together thought and action. Every individual seems to be a sort of metaphysical problem, which he forthwith endeavours to solve—in a manner sometimes more ingenious than amusing, and more likely to attract the careful thinker than the careless reader. Now this is precisely the case with the present volume,—it never wants talent, but sometimes wants interest; and we are free to confess that we get impatient before the subtle web is unravelled. *The Stolen Child* is a most cleverly managed story, with consequences and contrivances worthy a lawyer's brief; but the imagination is little excited, and the feelings little interested by it. A Mrs. Servit, a capital Scotch housekeeper, kind-hearted and yet shrewd, is the gem of the work; and we cannot do better than quote the conversation between her and her master, while deciding on the important step of adopting the little foundling.

"From the moment that Troven was received into the house of Mr. Pearl, he was, as a matter of course, considered as one of the family; and the housemaid, without instructions, marked a place for him, young as he was, at the table where the master and Mrs. Servit usually dined. This circumstance, at the moment, excited some inquiry, with certain interjectional exclamations, of the worthy lady. It is true, that she herself had meditated the same thing, and the old gentleman confessed that he had brought him for a toy; but how the damsel should have thought and acted as she did, furnished conversation for the remainder of the day. This no doubt was owing to something in the stars of the child, for his rags betokened that he would have been fortunate had he been brought up in the kitchen; but as Mrs. Servit said, on observing what the maid had done,—'It's all right; wao would treat a

foundling like a common wean? who knows what nest he belongs to, what song he'll sing, and what na bough of the fragrant tree he's ordained to chirp from? For my part, if he was not made one of ourselves, my conscience concerning him would not be very peaceable; for it runs before me that the upshot of his life is to be a grand thing for us all, and Molly has been impelled by a feedum of the common to do what she has done.' 'Indeed,' quoth Mr. Pearl, 'when I saw her lay a dessert knife and fork, and a dessert spoon for the child, I thought, Mrs. Servit, that she was only fulfilling an invention of yours, and gave you to her great credit for the device; but I was really confounded when she told me that you had no hand in the job, and that it all came of her own forethought, which you will allow is a very extraordinary thing; for although she has been a long time with us, I never saw the dinner rightly served since she came; and therefore I say with you, that out of her own head to lay a place for the child is most miraculous.' When dinner was brought up, with equal astonishment to both the gentleman and lady, the merry boy seemed to know his own place. 'He is something,' said Mrs. Servit, when she saw him looking about him for his high befitting seat. 'In truth,' said the old man, 'he is, and it was very considerate of you to take off his rags, and dress him in clean things of your own: to be sure they don't fit quite so well as I hope his new clothes will, but they are better than those filthy rags which he had on, and which made him seem a true beggar-boy.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Servit; 'if his present cleading does not sit so well upon him as the royal robes do upon the king, he is more becoming to the station of life that he is ordained to be brought up in, than in yon filthy duds: preserve us! I was glad to get them off; but the lasses have carried their whigmallery too far; for there was no need to put one of my night-matches on him; and really I must say that his red cockade, like a peony-rose, is just like what old Mr. Goul, the minister of the parish that I came frae, called a work of super-erogation: but sit down, or the dinner will grow cold. Nedly, my man, climb to your seat, and behave yourself.' The conversation while they remained at table was most edifying, for the foundling was none incommoded by his new situation. Once he expressed some wonder at what had become of John, the footman, but it was a mere expression; it called, however, from Mrs. Servit, a 'Ha, sir, did ye hear that? and presently she added, 'as sure as a gun, he has been something.' Mr. Pearl said, that he had no doubt in his mind on the subject, only he was surprised that no inquiry had been set on foot for a lost child; but fate, fortune, or providence, was at the bottom of the plot. 'He will, ye see, be left with us till he has gathered our affections, and then he will be taken from us. I wish we had never seen him, if that's to be the case.' 'Deed, Mr. Pearl, if we are ordained to bear such a calamity, what I'm sure you are minded to do for the blithe bairn had better no be done, unless you lend an hearing ear to my counsel.' 'I cannot refuse that,' said the old gentleman; 'for ye never give an advice but it is well worth the taking.' 'Ah, sir, many a time ye say the same thing; but like the rest of mankind, you will have a will of your own.' 'I am, my dear Mrs. Servit, not an obstinate man; I have only a salutary respect for what is right, and every proper regard for your opinion and experience,—what would you advise?' 'Well, if you will not be angry with me, and start out at the door like a

bristled pea, I think I could say anent—Oh, Neddy, you rascal, you have broken the handle of my best china pouxy; really a man would have to hae a good fortune, I trow, to bring up such a ramplor laddy.' 'Well, but Mrs. Servit, what advice do you give?' 'I'm in such a fluster that I can give none at all. Only think, this pouxy is now a cumber of the ground, and unless it be to hold lilies and tulips on the mantel-piece, its jurisdiction is gone for ever.—But what I was going to say anent Edward. If he would be a well behaved bairn, and no a rank ringing enemy to keep the house in hot water, I would keep him in the way that you intend, and never say a word about how he was gotten, or take any step either to send the bell about the parish, or to stick hand-bills on the doors of the kirk and market.' 'That's just what I was thinking,' said Mr. Pearl; 'but you must put your china in places beyond his reach; for the breaking of it all children you know, my dear Mrs. Servit, are much given to, especially when it is very good. I remember myself, that my grandmother had a beautiful green Mandarin standing at the front of her cupboard, with a provoking smile, which made me and my companions (alas they are all dead and gone now!) resolve to punish it with walnuts. One day after dinner, we went to take our revenge, but there was some mistake in our aim, for as I had the first shy, I missed the image, and brought down a tier of jelly-glasses, which had stood in the upper shelf as long as I remembered, and the use of which my worthy ancestors could not tell, but said that somebody once borrowed them to hold syllables.' 'Ah!' said Mrs. Servit, 'great is the odds between gets that are of the male sex, and min well-bred misses; but I remember in my younger day, this world was not without sin; one fast, I mind it as well as yesterday, a pea was put in the stroup of our best tea-pot, by a hand that shall be nameless, and twelve month good after, my mother happened to discover the misdeed, and I trow she too well knew where to lay her angry hand; but really, Mr. Pearl, we are forgetting, that as the old cock crows the young cock learns, and I was going to say, that if this mischief would settle himself, we could afford to keep him very well; but he must give up this handling of valuables if we do.' 'Then,' replied Mr. Pearl, 'you think that we might do worse than keep the boy altogether?' 'Worse!' exclaimed the good lady, 'it would be an alms deed to do so, especially as we read every week in the news how men are put to death by the war in High Germany, to say nothing of the crowded state of the parish workhouse, and the swarms of pocket pickers in London town, that have hands like tongs and fire-shovels; but, sir, these are not all the reasons that spring up in my mind like hemp stalks, when I think of it: what would you say if our founding was a lord's son?' 'We do not think any one ever exceeded Mr. Galt in sketching national portraits—they are preserved as if for a museum of natural curiosities.

*The Port Admiral.* By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Cochrane and McCrone.

THIS is one of those works of which two very opposite opinions might be given, and for each of these said opinions very sufficient cause might be shewn. The story, in spite of its improbability, is sometimes interesting; the observations fairly divided between arrogance and shrewdness; the scenes of action spirited, those of humorous delineation exaggerated and dull. The

hero is bold and mysterious; the heroines, after the good old fashion set by the Minerva Press: Charlotte, for example, has a favourite pony, which obeys her summons through a boatman's golden whistle, kneels down to allow her to mount, which she does without farther precaution than wrapping her feet in a shawl, and gallops away; her bonnet, of course, falls off, and equally of course her long tresses come down, and float over her shoulders—no heroine's hair having the ordinary-life confinements of combs, black pins, &c. The maritime portion of these volumes is by far the best; for when the author gets on land, he copies from some sort of imaginary life which has as little likeness to humanity as possible. Nothing can be more unnatural or stupid than the sketches of Lady Sapphira Affectus, Captain Beattall Bombast, and Major Puff—caricatures of individuals who are sufficiently indicated by other marks. Ridicule overstrained is only absurd, not amusing. One original feature distinguishes the *dramatis personæ*, even in this novel-writing age—Napoleon has not hitherto been pressed into active service, but here he plays a very conspicuous part. His present Majesty is also introduced—for two reasons, first, to flirt with Charlotte, and secondly, as "the King" is a "good travelling name" to go the round of the advertisements.

Having said that the seafaring parts are the best, we shall quote, as a sample of the *Port Admiral*, a terrible story of a terrible tyrannical admiral, and a terrible mutiny, in which the officers of a seventy-four are all killed, and the admiral himself tied living to a dead body and thrown into the sea. In the midst of these horrors, the author has had taste enough (to say the least of it) to introduce the following ribald mockery. The chaplain was summoned "from below to read the burial-service over the body of Grooves.—Any consolation for the admiral, bound to so hideous a companion, was never contemplated. The reverend official, who had gone below to realise the hypothesis of his superior, by applying to the spirit-bottle, now made his appearance with faltering steps, bolstered up on either side by a sailor. Having brought him opposite to the body, he shewed symptoms of great terror; these were relieved by Kavanagh's desiring him to 'read the dead-body riggulations over an old shipmate;' while Collins, as an encouragement, gave him a slap over the back, exclaiming, 'Come, my old cock! let's have something short.' If in the midst of such conflicting circumstances, we recollect the *non-compos* state of his mind, we shall not be surprised at the clerical gentleman finding himself somewhat at a loss. After many ineffectual attempts to recollect himself, he turned to the men, and mumbled forth, 'Really, good people, this is—a—most difficult corpse of yours to bury—most difficult corpse ever had in my life.' 'Very like, old chap, 'cause ye see one's alive!' 'Oh, alive, is he? that accounts for it—always more difficult when they're alive; then extending his hands over the two heads, he muttered, 'For what we are going to receive, may we be very thankful!' then looking at his audience, hiccupped forth, 'Sit down.' 'Short commons,' said Kavanagh, seeing that the divine had finished. 'Now clear away a ring, my boys; two of ye seize the old villain's arms.—That's it.—So. Now Admiral —, you said that if this ship went to hell, you'd go in her, didn't ye?' But the person questioned remained utterly silent, nor deigned to move a muscle of the rigidly composed countenance which already seemed to have fixed itself for ever. 'Well, my hearties, as the old gemman won't

answer, we'll save him the trouble, by telling him that he was never more out of his reckoning in all his life, for we'll be — if he shall go there in any such good company. Trip up the old hellicat's legs. I heard him say it myself.' 'And I,' sung out several voices in the crowd; when three men appointed for the purpose jumped forward, and seizing the admiral's feet in their powerful grasp, while several other seamen supported the arms, they maintained his body with that of Grooves in a horizontal position, the latter being under. 'Turn the turtle with them, boys, face old Blue-beard undermost; an honest old sailor's worth twenty o' such — tyrants as he!—That's your sort. Now bring him here to this breach in the gunwale. Give three cheers—a cheer and a swing, and then launch 'em overboard.—Now then.—Ready lads?' 'All ready!' 'Make sail.—Hip, hip, hip, hurra!—Now again—hip, hip, hip, hurra!'"

The dead and living bodies are thrown overboard; and the ship is ultimately lost, with all on board except two.

We would here close our notice, but for the great pretension this novel exhibits, which seems to call for some farther criticism. For this purpose we shall turn to the beginning of the third volume, our preceding extract having been selected from the first.

The style is extremely faulty: at page 17 we are told of "a quantity of females;" and onward, of "the dress of neither her nor her sister." Again, of one of these, "on her arms and neck were strings of large and magnificent pearls; yet they were but little seen at a distance, for neither in softness nor purity of colour did they excel the innocent bosom on which they lay."

We are pestered throughout with needless asterisks and disgusting oaths—for example—"That officer in the boat is the captain, the \*, going on board with the midshipman of his gig; but for what purpose all those women are following him, it is impossible to say. I'll ask Tarpaulin. 'What means that string of boats, Tim, in the wake of the \*?' they seem crammed with women?' 'Hah! your honour!' answered Tim, grimly smiling; 'that \* B-illy is a gallows young chap for them 'ere craft; and the cunning creeturs they seems to have a sort of natural true instinct as to who's got a sneaking regard for their sect, your honour! and so they sticks to the \* like a leech. He can't so much as go ashore at North Corner but there it's—tich their bonnets and 'God bless your honour,' and 'your r-y-l-h-ghn-s-s,—a handsome face is on your honour's shoulders; and all the like o' that.' True enough belike for any thing I know to the contrary—but it's all a sprat to catch a mackerel."

This is our present King made a captain and contemporary with Buonaparte, who is disguised at Plymouth, some fifteen or eighteen years ago!! His majesty's romps with the port admiral's daughter (she of the pony), is about as remote from verisimilitude. She is running about the grounds, and we are told—"Fastidious as Chatty was in her admiration of male beauty, she was much pleased with the appearance of the stranger, and with some curiosity waited to see if he would address her. The stranger also paused, and well he might, for her beauty was of the most striking description. Suddenly bursting upon him as it did, he was not a little confused. After a few moments' hesitation he advanced, saying—'Ahem—will you be kind enough to tell me, my good girl, if Sir Richard Salisbury, the

port admiral, is not at present residing on Mount Edgecumbe? At this question Chatty hang down her head to conceal a smile. In her artless haste to run out, she had put on what the ladies call a cottage bonnet, and her morning dress being very simple, and her hair somewhat out of order with riding, as well as a worn-out pair of gloves being on her taper fingers, the officer had mistaken her for some native rustic. Entering at once into the spirit of the joke, she looked up with the most naïve and demure expression, then dropping a profound curtsy, while she assumed a slight cast of the Devonshire dialect, answered, 'Yes, please you, sir, he does!' 'Ah!—Oh!—he does—and is it at hand?—that is, I mean to say'—drawing nearer to her side—'is the house far off?' 'Not very far, may't please ye, sir?' 'Oh!—ehem—oh—and—who—that is, what—who may you be, my good girl?' 'Me, sir?' dropping a still lower curtsy; 'I be the daughter of an old sailor who resides on this estate.' 'Oh, a sailor!—and what has a sailor to do on the estate?' 'Why, please you, sir, he's cutting wood at present, and he's generally some little thing or other to do; for Sir Richard, God bless him! has always been very kind to father, and done all he can for him!' 'Well, that's very kind! I suppose he's an old follower of the port admiral's.' 'I can't say, sir, I'm sure, sir, whether father's an old follower of Sir Richard's; but I know, sir, he's most always been with him, and served with him a very long time indeed!' 'Well, well! that's what I mean; but you should say served under him, not with him.' 'Should I, sir? then please, sir, I will next time.' 'Yes, do. Well, my good girl, I think your father's got a very pretty daughter.' 'What did you say, please you, sir? Sister's up at the house at present.' 'Oh!—(what a simple beauty she is!) I didn't mean your sister, I was speaking about you—you're a devilish pretty girl, I say.' 'Lo! sir, you're very good to think so, sir!' replied Chatty, holding down her head, and curtsying to the ground, while the other edged a little nearer as he continued, 'Ehem—yes—yes, you are, I must say, devilish pretty—I say, my good girl, I should like to give you a kiss!' 'Oh, sir!—you—you're very kind, sir! but what would father say?' and pretending as much confusion as she could, Chatty appeared to draw back, while the officer jumped forward and caught her in his arms. It was foreign to Charlotte's feelings to resist so harmless a salute; she therefore allowed him to profit by his opportunity, half shutting her eyelids, while the blood suffused her beautiful countenance, and quietly drawing off the glove from her right hand, she watched her moment when the officer, having finished his devoirs, was engaged in once more placing her safely on the ground. Quickly swinging her little arm round, she gave him a slap on his unprotected cheek that awoke every echo among the surrounding trees; then bursting into a loud laugh, she scampered back at full speed through the path by which she had come. The young officer no sooner felt this retaliation than he gave instant chase, exclaiming half in passion, half in joke—'You good-for-nothing little devil!' This was not the first time that Chatty had engaged in a race, and despite of the different sex her light foot promised to hold him a long pull. As there were a great many turnings at that part of the road where this scene occurred, the officer now lost sight of her for a few moments—now he gained a view of the chase again, but at no moment was he in any danger of losing the scent; for the incident had

so tickled Chatty's fancy, that she literally screamed with laughter, that pealed through the woods on every side, and invited the officer to overtake his prize. As the fit increased on her, it impeded her running; once or twice she was very nearly falling, and he now came rapidly up with her, when a turning in the road hid her from his sight. Putting forth his speed, he bounced round the projecting point. What was his surprise to find himself in the midst of five or six men cutting the evergreens, while the fair object of his pursuit was hanging breathless with her merriment round the neck of a tall man! The latter had his back turned towards the pursuer, and was dressed in a blue greatcoat and round glazed hat. Hearing the sudden noise behind him, he turned towards the officer, who was hesitating what to do. The latter no sooner saw his fine manly countenance than he started back in amazement, muttering, 'Confound it! the port admiral, by Jupiter!'

And the foolery thus concludes:—

'The joke was then explained to the old officer, who having shaken his sides at the same, and given his directions to the park-keeper, proceeded to conduct his illustrious guest to the house. Charlotte now leaning on his arm was internally delighted at the idea—however accidentally—of having laid her fingers on the cheek of collateral—, and he, as a gallant and proper officer, holding with Frederick the Great, that no dishonour could come from the hand of a lady who was at once of great beauty and honourable birth. Nay, truth to say, I doubt not that he would have been very glad to win the same favours from many a proud beauty in the land, even though it were at the same cost—at least I've known many who would, and I can answer for myself—though to be sure—a most material point as \* \* \* would say. I boast of no r-y-l blood in my veins, save such as may have filtered down and muddled in its descent for the last couple of hundred years, since the good old days of Queen Bess; when my ever-to-be-venerated ancestor the celebrated king—'

The port admiral, an open, warm-hearted, and noble character, is nevertheless a smuggler, which disgraceful fact is discovered by a lord of the Admiralty on a visit of inspection to the port; and the following degrading story is attached to it.

'You may call it "moonshine" if you like, Sir Richard,' said the latter, 'but I fear if these facts come to the knowledge of his majesty's ministers, it will be denominated smuggling—a breach of our laws—and treated as such; particularly in one whose rank would warrant us in expecting him to prove a good example to his inferiors. I should really be very sorry to be instrumental in bringing about any inquiry that might hurt one I value so much as Sir Richard Salisbury. If you could point out any path by which I could escape laying this serious information before Lord—; but you see by suppressing it, I might inculcate myself?' 'Well, well, sir; you shan't do that on my account,' said the hearty Sir Richard. 'For my part ye see I look upon it that the service pays us cursed badly, and these little affairs are the mere opportunities of office. A poor fellow, by Jove, may starve on an admiral's pay if he has a family. Besides I shouldn't like to be popping off the hooks some day and leaving Chatty and Margie without a shot in their locker. Moreover, after all, it's a mere difference of opinion. They think smuggling a bad thing; but as for me, why, odds-bobbs! I think it's a very good thing. Doesn't it, I should

like to know, form a nursery for the navy?— Besides, sir, my view of political economy differs from that of his majesty's ministers. I dislike the excise, confound 'em; oppressive rascals, sir, very oppressive. Every honest-hearted man's duty is to oppose them. And then again, I'm so used to it ever since I was a boy—'twould break my heart, I do believe, to leave it off, which wouldn't stop the matter. However, what you say is very true—I can only repeat at present, that you shall never be a loser through Richard Salisbury.' The lord of the Admiralty slept at the house that night; and on retiring to his chamber, found on his dressing-table a sealed letter superscribed for himself. He opened it. Within was a bill, drawn on a certain house in London, for five hundred pounds, 'the amount of his share for "moonshine," received.' The bill only required his signature to be available, while the envelope contained these words: 'The endorser, by using a similar form, is at liberty to draw on Messrs. \* \* \* every quarter.' Suffice it to say here, that it was tendered, accepted, and paid. The lord of the Admiralty gained an additional increase of two thousand a-year by the visit of inspection during which he learnt of Sir Richard's smuggling. Nor did the hearty old officer ever hear one word more about his moonshine being laid before his majesty's ministers; so far from that, it continued 'moonshine' to the last. He regularly kept up his correspondence and partnership with a celebrated house in town which realised many thousands a-year; and to the last used to delight in going disguised to an occasional landing when the night was fine, and his friend skipper Derrick was on duty."

The author, a naval officer, has indeed done every thing in his power to lower the character of his profession. His obvious personalities are offensive; and the anecdotes and scandalous reports, apparently collected throughout his career, which he has contrived to string together, almost all tend to the same effect. His hero is a traitor, and his admiration is reserved for his country's most deadly enemy.

"His wonderful and gigantic plans remain to us, to excite our wonder, and to be remembered with the scarcely less stupendous deeds which he executed; but his warmest and most partial admirers, of which I confess myself one, must ever rejoice that he failed in his designs on Britain, more especially since we have found sufficient virtue to purify the abuses of our constitution, unaided by the arms of a foreign invader."

How good, and patriotic? We are truly obliged to the Captain for allowing that he rejoices in his native land not being conquered and devastated by ruthless invasion! But we behaved very unkindly to Buonaparte?

"Alas, with all his fears, he never dreamed that the rulers of the land were thus consigning to the most slow and murderous torture of a fatal climate, the hero whom they had not the ability to subdue, nor the courage to destroy. The foe prostrated by his fate, their magnanimity led them to insult; and the confiding enemy who threw himself upon the generosity of the nation, they betrayed with the most perfidious treachery, and aggravated with the most deliberate contumely and oppression."

To use the present language of the present parliament, these are lies or misrepresentations from beginning to end; and come very ill from a man wearing a British uniform. But Mr. Fox was equally disloyal, according to our author's narrative.

"He had risen to receive his visitor, but,



anxious to finish a sentence, was still stooping and busy with his pen. He did not look up, but said in his usual affable tone, 'Ah, Captain Croiser! I hope you are the bearer of pleasant news.' Relinequishing his pen he advanced. The first object which he beheld was the person of Rannolini. For a moment he hesitated; then bowed profoundly, as if in the first moments of doubtful recognition, when Rannolini stepping forward, extended his hand, and remarked with much animation, 'Aha, Mr. \*', this is not so bad! so, my disguise is not to be penetrated even by you? I fulfil my word, you observe, for I am come to return the visit you paid to me in the Tuileries.' 'What! do I—is it possible? Indeed, sir, I feel highly honoured, though I scarcely thought it was to be accomplished in so short a time, even by you.' 'Well, well, nothing is impossible. But you do not give me a welcome to this inaccessible land of yours; this second isle of Calypso. Neither Ulysses nor Telemachus ever met with more disasters in their approach than Croiser and myself. But I suppose you esteem me lightly now that my two hundred thousand are left on the other side of the channel. I suppose your welcome is reserved until I return with them at my beck.' 'Nay, sir,' here Mr. \* smiled incredulously; 'if I reserve it till then, I greatly fear that you will never receive it; since this very voyage must have convinced you of the truth of my arguments held with you in Paris, as to the utter impracticability of a successful invasion! To speak candidly, admiration and wonder at your present enterprise have made me forget the courtesies of hospitality! Believe me I am delighted that my poor roof has the honour of receiving so illustrious a guest as M. Rannolini.'"

With this we take our leave. The fiction is a mixture of improbabilities; the female characters are drawn as a person who had spent most of his life on shipboard might be expected to draw them; actual circumstances and individuals are jumbled most incongruously with imagined events; the materials, chiefly supplied by experience and memory, are looped together by clumsy contrivances; and yet there are points to amuse and interest the reader, and even some of the faults to which we have objected, may excite the curiosity on which the *Port Admiral* must depend for circulation.

*A Catalogue of the Library collected by Miss Richardson Currier, at Eshton Hall, Craven, Yorkshire.* By C. J. Stewart, Bookseller. Royal 8vo. pp. 501. London, 1833. Printed for private circulation only.

WITH typography which does credit to Mr. Moyes's press, and several interesting engravings of Eshton Hall, from sketches by Mr. Stewart, who has shewn himself as skilful a draughtsman as a librarian, this volume, "printed for private circulation," is a capital specimen of those abilities for arranging and cataloguing (and, where so done, of conveying a knowledge of the contents of) the works that compose a library, which obtained from us a high panegyric in noticing Mr. Stewart's labours on the Marquess of Salisbury's collection.

That department of bibliography which is applied to the classification of books, as apparent in catalogues raisonnés, is of the greatest value, not only to the literary world, but to all who, upon any subject, are in search of information amid the great ocean of published knowledge. A well-digested catalogue enables every one, from the truly learned to the merest tyro, who is fortunate in having access to the stores it enumerates, rapidly to turn its contents, as

he could that of a vast cyclopaedia, to the best advantage; it affords a key to the whole, and is, perhaps, the prototype of those useful works which, under the title of encyclopaedias, now-a-days present us so readily with every branch of useful intelligence in a condensed and collected state.

Valuable, however, as is this mode of arrangement, it is strange that few of the public collections have even now the benefit of such systems. The national library in the British Museum has but lately begun to be fitted with a catalogue on this principle: the catalogue of the library of George III., the splendid addition to that collection, was duly presented to the world in all the luxury of paper and print becoming its then royal possessor, in seven volumes folio, but in the order of A, B, C.

The learned divine knows well how to appreciate the assistance he has derived from such works as the *Bibliotheca Theologica* of Walchius, the jurist of Camus, the naturalist of Solander, the historian of Meuselius and Fabricius, the traveller of De la Richarderie, the English topographer of Gough, Upcott, and Hoare, and the linguist of Adelung and Marsden: and some of these authors have attached to each work they describe an analysis or character, so as to enable the reader to choose from the mass presented to his view, that which seems to be the most approved. Another, and equally serviceable, class of catalogues is that of which the earliest and best example is unfortunately unfinished, in the *Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecae Bunavianae* of Frankius; in which the industrious author has analysed most minutely the varied contents of each work, which he distributes under the different branches of literature to which they belong; and thus has afforded a digested view not only of the titles, as in the former class, but of the substance-matter also; and such, in our own times, is the very excellent catalogue of the Edinburgh Signet Library, which, we believe, first introduced to public notice its author, Macvey Napier, Esq., now a professor in the University of that city, and editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Edinburgh Review*.

We have been led into this brief retrospect by the examination of the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. It comes before us, though but a Catalogue, entitled to our particular attention from the remarkable circumstance of the collection it describes having been formed by a lady; and one whose name, especially in the neighbourhood where she resides, will long be recollected by still more durable monuments,—those of liberal charity and kindness. It is only, however, as a patroness of literature, that we are now called upon to allude to Miss Currier; to whom, though personally unknown to us, we willingly offer this tribute of our sincere applause. Her library has been formed at a large and liberal expense; and the framing of this Catalogue shews that she is equally judicious in perceiving, that to acquire is little, unless you provide how best to use what you have acquired.

*The Government of India.* By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S., F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 540. London, 1833. Murray.

A TREATISE of 282 pages, with an Appendix of 258, from the pen of so able, so practical, and so experienced an author as Sir John Malcolm, must justly be entitled to the utmost public and political consideration, at a period when the future destinies of our Indian empire

hang upon the decision of the passing hour. A vast mass of information is here condensed within a comparatively small compass; and, whether by agreement or opposition to the opinions of the writer, sure we are, that to obtain a lucid view of the state of India, and means of looking, with some degree of correctness, into its probable futurity, a work of more importance could not be consulted. For the present, at all events, we are prevented from going into any details; but we earnestly recommend the volume to the country, whose interests are so deeply involved in the questions it so admirably elucidates and discusses.

*The Buccaneer.* By A. M. Hall. 2d edition. London, Bentley.

THE fair author had hardly need, we think, in her brief preface to this new edition, to defend herself from any remark on her ably drawn character of Cromwell. She did well in abstaining from his public ambition, and sketching him in his more private habits, when age had tempered the turbulence of political feelings and actions.

*Taxation, Revenue, Expenditure, Power, Statistics, and Debt, of the whole British Empire; their Origin, Progress, and present State: with an Estimate of the Capital and Resources of the Empire, and a Practical Plan for applying them to the Liquidation of the National Debt.* The whole founded on, and illustrated by, official Tables and authentic Documents. By Pablo Pebrer, Member of several Literary and Scientific Societies. 8vo. pp. 547. London, 1833. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS extraordinary book, the work of a foreigner, (a Spaniard, we presume, from the eulogistic, but well-merited, dedication to the popular queen of that country), would require a whole week's serious attention at least, and we have it for only twenty-four hours. The title is enough to indicate that it is of great value as a collection of official information of the most important kind; and assuredly, with all the subjects it embraces about to be brought under the immediate cognizance of parliament, it presents claims to attention which can hardly be resisted by any one who seeks for intelligence respecting what so nearly touches every individual, as well as our whole social system. At present we have no time for a farther recommendation. The plan for paying off the debt is by a wide contribution levied impartially on all classes, according to ingenious and laborious rules, &c. laid down by the author.

*Ten Minutes' Advice on Diet and Regimen.* Pp. 48. London, 1833. Renshaw and Rush.

THIS excellent advice might be laid on the plates of guests at a corporation dinner. Not that we would wish to curtail their enjoyments by the fear of the consequences, or that gout, apoplexy, *cum multis aliis*, should hang, like the sword of Damocles, over the head of each unhappy *bon vivant*; but it is not amiss that pleasure should be seasoned by discretion.

*A Dictionary of Diet, &c.* By J. S. Forsyth, Surgeon. 12mo. pp. 403. London, 1833. Cremer.

THIS work we have already noticed on the appearance of the several Parts: it is now completed, and fully justifies the judgment which we then pronounced concerning it. It contains an ample account of every edible and potable produce, either by art or nature. The intro-

duction is sensible and well written, and contains a history of the science of dietetics, which is exceedingly interesting. As a whole it is useful and entertaining.

*Sunshine; or, Lays for the Ladies.* By John Francis. Second edition. Pp. 98. Wiltoughby.

WE are glad to find that this pretty and lively volume has reached a second edition; it is now ornamented with a frontispiece, "The Gleaner." We can only say, we hope that "Sunshine" will last through a favourable season.

*Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws.* Published by Authority. 8vo. pp. 432. London, 1833. Fellows.

A most valuable compendium, and a work of reference at once of the most interesting and important description. The poor-laws, intended for a blessing, have become a dire curse to England: *Relief* has changed its name to *Burden*—burden the most partial, oppressive, odious, and unsatisfactory. The inquiries so excellently conducted by these commissions, and so clearly arranged in this volume, will we trust enable the legislature to amend and improve this ruinous and demoralising system.

*The Anti-Jacobin Magazine, No. 1.*—Our new contemporary is certainly very agreeable and interesting both in his literature and comic humour. The translation from Casti, and parallel with Lord Byron, stands high in the former point of view; and Punch's examination touching dramatic monopolies is a capital piece of droll satire.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

*Egyptian Hieroglyphics.*—We are happy to learn that the important work on the hieroglyphics and antiquities of Egypt, intended to comprise the result of the extensive and laborious researches made by the commission sent to that country at the national expense, under the direction of the late M. Champollion, the publication of which was suspended in consequence of the lamented decease of that gentleman last year, will probably be published under the auspices of the French government. The original arrangement, it appears, was, that M. Champollion should conduct the portion devoted to antiquities, history, and theology; and his principal coadjutor, M. Losellini, that explanatory of the domestic manners and customs of the people. For the purpose of facilitating the execution of this plan, the editors had interchanged the whole of their drawings, so that each party possessed a perfect copy of the work. Should the French government not complete the purchase of the MSS. and drawings, we have reason to believe that the expenses of publication will be borne by H. I. H. the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose anxiety for the appearance of the work is well known. In this case it is likely that the superintendence of the publication will be confided to M. Losellini. A new prospectus will, of course, be issued as soon as the business is finally settled.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT, V. P., in the chair.—There was read a paper entitled, "On the modifications observable in certain plants formerly referred to the genus *Cinchona*," by Mr. Don,

Librarian L.S., &c. There is, perhaps, no genus of plants so interesting, in a medical point of view, as that which contains the trees affording the Peruvian bark; and any additional information on their history, or botanical characters, cannot fail to prove acceptable to our readers. The author remarks, that the arrangement of the lobes of the corolla in the unexpanded state, affords an important character in distinguishing the inferior groups of the extensive order *Rubiaceæ*, and that an attention to this mark will materially assist in defining the genera which have been separated from cinchona. The species formerly included under this genus are now divided into seven different genera, well distinguished by the form of their aestivation, and by other characters derived from the flower and fruit. A continuation of M. Alphonse de Candolle's memoir on *Myrsineæ* was also read.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY on Mr. Brunel's new mode of constructing arches. Mr. Brunel lately raised an experimental structure at Rotherhithe, consisting of a pier and two semi-arches, one on each side. One of these is the half of an arch 100ft. span; the other the half of an arch 80ft. The portion of a bridge which is thus formed is 4ft. 6in. in width and 95ft. in length; it weighs about 105 tons, is loaded at the shorter end with 11½ tons of iron, to keep it in equilibrium: it is built of brick and Roman cement, and stands upon no other support than the pier; nor was any other centering used in its construction than two or three small boards, which hung from the structure itself. These extraordinary results arise from the use of ties in the upper courses of brick-work, of which the bridge consists. The ties are of hoop-iron, about ¾ of an inch wide and ½ thick; these are here and there embedded horizontally in the cement, making the joints, and trussing, as it were, the bridge, and preventing the projecting arms constituted by the semi-arches from falling. They support the arches in a manner equivalent to that of the powerful and costly centering usually referred to in the construction of large arches. Mr. Faraday explained these points, and the manner in which the practical details were carried on, by reference to experimental trials, drawings, and a model, upon a large scale, of a proposed bridge over the river Thames. The anticipated advantages of the mode are, the use of cheaper materials than stone—of substances lighter, not only in their specific weight, but because of the smaller quantity required,—diminution of the workmanship, and, consequently, of expense,—less costly foundations and centerings,—avoidance of settlements,—and non-interference with the river beneath. The value of the Roman cement in the proposed mode of construction, its hardness, its adhesion to iron, wood, or even hempen ties, were stated, and illustrated by many trials; and important numerical results were given upon these and correlative points.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 27th.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. Elections over, a paper on the sedimentary deposits which occupy the western parts of Shropshire and Herefordshire, and are prolonged from N.E. to S.W., through Radnor, Brecknock, and Caermarthenshire, with descriptions of the accompanying rocks of intrusive or igneous characters, by Mr. Murchison, was commenced. This memoir was illustrated by the sheets of the Ordnance maps, coloured geologically, and a numerous suite of specimens.

Among the donations laid upon the table were a set of the charts, containing surveys, mostly executed in the Indian seas by officers in the Company's marine service; presented by the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company; and a set of charts, also belonging to the Indian seas, constructed by Captain James Horsburgh, presented by that gentleman.

##### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, the president, in the chair. Dr. F. Hawkins read a paper, from the pen of Dr. David Badham, on the anticipations of modern discoveries in medicine in the works of ancient authors. It was remarked in this paper, incidentally, that the truth of the description which Thucydides has given of the Athenian epidemic, has been illustrated and confirmed, in some points, by the use of that modern invention the stethoscope. But the chief instances which the author quoted, of ancient anticipation of observations supposed to be original, were derived from Aretæus, who has not only preceded the moderns in many excellent descriptions of disease, but has anticipated, in a curious and interesting chapter, the theory of the origin of certain fevers recently propounded by the French pathologists MM. Bibes and Bouillard.

##### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

##### Anniversary Meeting.

F. BAILY, Esq. in the chair.—To George Biddell Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, the Society's medal was this year awarded, for a paper, read before the Royal Society, on an irregularity of long period in the motions of the earth and Venus. Amongst the less perfect parts of the system developed by Newton, may be reckoned that which relates to the cause of certain small irregularities or disturbances in the motion of the planets. After a lapse of sixty years, Clairaut was the first that investigated the method by which the cause of the planetary disturbances is explained, and their effect computed. From the time of Clairaut to the present, the list is but small of those who have ventured to attack this profound and intricate inquiry. In it, however, are to be found the names of D'Alembert and Euler, (who, with Clairaut, may be considered the founders of the planetary theory,) La Grange, and La Place, by whose researches it was shewn, that the apparent anomalies in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, which seemed at one time to impair the Newtonian system, have only tended more effectually to strengthen and confirm it: but Professor Airy's is the first successful attempt made by any Englishman, since the time of Newton, to improve the planetary tables; and in the paper alluded to, his investigations leave behind those of Euler, La Grange, and La Place, although the latter was assisted by Burckhardt. The chairman, in his address, notices, in appropriate language, the deaths of Mr. Groombridge, and of the two associates, Professor Oriani and Baron Zach. The general affairs of the Society are in a prosperous state, and during the past year a very important addition has been made to the Society's stock of instruments by John Fuller, Esq., of Rose Hill, a member of the Society, and a gentleman whose liberality and love of science we have frequently noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Fuller has presented a repeating theodolite, of 20 inches diameter, with three microscopic readings, and divided after Mr. Troughton's method. Amongst the other contributors

who deserve to be mentioned, are, Captain Owen, R.N., for a double reflecting circle, of his own construction, and a quadruple reflecting sextant, after a Dutch model; and the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, for a MS. copy of Halley's Astronomical Observations, made at Greenwich, from 1719 to 1779. An offer of considerable importance, and of great practical utility, has been made by Mr. Stratford, namely, to furnish the Society, for the use of its Fellows, and others interested in the subject, with a working ephemeris for 1834.

After noticing some minor details, also of a satisfactory nature, the meeting proceeded to the election of a council for the ensuing year. Mr. Baily was elected president; and as vice-presidents, Mr. Airy, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Captain Beaufort, and J. W. Lubbock.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Third notice.]

No. 4. *Remains of the Palace La Reine Blanche, Paris.* James Holland.—In the great chase after the picturesque, both at home and abroad, how must the artist have congratulated himself when he met with this subject! We imagine, no sportsman when bagging his game, whether partridge, snipe, or woodcock, can ever have experienced more delight than Mr. Holland when pocketing his sketch for this picture, upon the execution of which he evidently entered *con amore*.

No. 6. *A Peasant Girl of the High Peak, Derbyshire.* James Inskipp.—This is a very favourable specimen of the artist's powers, as well as an admirable example of rustic vivacity.

No. 202. *Italian Boy, painted in Rome.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—It is said, and in some instances well said, "When at Rome, do as Rome does." It has not been always so in art; but on the contrary, the precept has frequently been "more honoured in the breach than the observance." The fine work before us shews how well Mr. Hurlstone has availed himself of what was estimable in his subject, although he has executed it in the style of the English school.

No. 130. *Dos-à-dos.* C. Hancock.—A group of dogs with their backs to each other, and an effect of light and chiaro-scuro we have seldom seen surpassed. The animals are in a style superior even to Mr. Hancock's former doings, and (may we flatter ourselves with the supposition, that some of our remarks have not been lost?) have none of that wiriness of touch of which we have sometimes complained.

No. 131. *Scotch Drink.* J. P. Knight.—"Quite correct," Mr. Knight; the subject could hardly have been better expressed. We have seen many an amateur of the tippie, but none more in earnest than this.

No. 64. *The Romance.* H. Wyatt.—An elegant group. It is little more than a sketch; but that Mr. Wyatt can be solid and brilliant in his execution, if it were not already well known, might be seen by a reference to No. 164, *The Dark-eyed Brunette*, and No. 447, *Minna*.

No. 92. *The last Booth in the Fair.* R. B. Davis.—It should seem, from this animated scene, that the essence and spirit of the joyous groups had been reserved for the last booth, like the *bonne bouche* of the epicure. This picture is of a cabinet size, and reminds us of Wouvermans' compositions.

No. 33. *The Archer-Boy.* H. Y. Hurlstone.—As characteristic of the God of Love, and of his wiles, we cannot say much for this performance; but as a beautiful model, and as

a fine example of the roundness and colouring of fair flesh, we have seldom seen any thing better.

No. 69. *Landscape, Evening.* T. C. Holland.—A sort of Barmeside treat; the reality of which we hope soon to enjoy, by the side of the silver Thames, or in other suburban walks; when the calm glow of a sunset like this may have power to charm, or at least to tranquillise, the mind.

No. 220. *Chiswick.* J. W. Allen.—This interesting view is, perhaps, painted rather too much with reference to the frequent epithet of the "silver" Thames; and there is certainly rather too much similarity in strength and tone between the clouds and the objects beneath them. Many very fine examples of this artist's pencil are to be found in the gallery; among them we think No. 309, *The Gipsies' Corner*, one of the most striking.

No. 49. *Hopes and Fears.* E. Prentiss.—Carefully painted, and well expressed.

No. 61. *The Lake of Lugano, Italy.* W. Linton.—The clustered mountains and the quiet lake are here represented with Mr. Linton's usual skill, and convey an idea of sublimity and beauty which imagination does not often reach. For other scenes in the same country by this artist, we refer to Nos. 717, 718, 719, and 720; drawings which, in spirit and interest, cannot be surpassed.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Neapolitan Costume. Be quiet, my Darling.* L. Mansion. London, Andrews and Co.

This is a very charming specimen of an almost new art—lithography coloured, and beautifully touched with gold and silver. The print represents a pretty girl caressing an Italian greyhound, and perfectly habited in the gay and graceful costume of Naples. Nothing could more effectually illustrate the glittering style produced by this metallic application; and we imagine that such performances must become very popular favourites for a place in albums and portfolios.

*Costume of the Royal Navy. The Same.* This is the first part of a work in the same manner, intended to illustrate the costume of different ranks in our navy; and is also deserving of much praise, both for design and execution. It consists of four plates: 1, flag-officers; 2, field officers of marines (field is an odd title, by the by, for officers afloat); 3, lieutenants; and 4, midshipmen. Each consists of two figures, well disposed; and the uniforms are perfect *fac-similes* of those in the service. Buttons, loops, swords, sashes, epaulets—all shine in their real lustre; and the gold and silver lace of the original is not more bright than in these clever imitations of them. The publication bids fair to be of great interest, and these specimens as extremely pleasing. His Majesty has graciously allowed of their appropriate dedication to himself.

*Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours.*

WE understand from the best authority—that of the editor—not only that the "Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours" is not, as its title and other circumstances had led us to suppose, the publication of the Society itself; but that the Society has not the slightest interest in the undertaking. Our remarks, therefore, (Mar. 16th), on the indelicacy of self-praise are wholly inapplicable. Of the works of the Society we have spoken much too often and too

highly, to render it necessary for us to repeat, that we consider them peculiarly honourable to the taste and talent of the country.

*Mlle. Pauline Duvernay.* By J. R. Herbert. On stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. London, Dickinson.

A SLIGHT lithographic whole-length of this favourite dancer. It is like her, and not very flattering; for the features, though animated, retain a little of the death-head form and expression. The bust is also, like her own, indifferent. She has since made a better figure in the *Bayadere*, in which, indeed, she ought, to justify the outrageous puffing of her *début*, to have come out before the London audience. The simple truth is, that she is a sweet and mediocre article, and very successful in this part, as far as her talents allow, and without attempting to go beyond them.

*National Portrait Gallery.* With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq. Part XLVIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE present part completes the fourth volume of this (we will take leave to say) popular publication. It contains portraits and memoirs of William Wordsworth, Esq., Sir Richard Arkwright, and Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than is presented by the heads of the poet and the manufacturer; while the bold, manly expression of the soldier is perfectly distinct from both. The memoir of Wordsworth principally consists—as such a memoir necessarily must consist—of the history of his works. That of Sir Richard Arkwright relates some curious facts respecting the manufacture which is so deeply indebted to his ingenuity and perseverance for the excellence to which it has attained. Of Sir Archibald Campbell, "a soldier, the descendant of soldiers, and whose whole life has been spent in the service of his country," the story is highly interesting; especially that part of it which relates to his triumphant expedition to Ava.

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.* No. VIII. THE plates in this number are "Christ and St. Peter," after A. Caracci; "Landscape and Figures," after Rubens; and "The Market-Girl," after G. Morland. They are all rather dark and heavy; the last mentioned disagreeable so; which is the more to be regretted, as Morland's tones never approached blackness. Does not Allan Cunningham rate this artist too highly? We are far from being insensible to his merits; but he was one of the greatest mannerists that ever lived; and it is difficult to conceive a worse fault. Morland seems to have studied nature closely in his early practice; but, after a certain period, having acquired much dexterity and fluency of execution, and having formed a certain system of colouring and effect, to have painted almost entirely from his recollections. This is a rock on which several living artists, and very clever men too, have unfortunately split. Their habits have become so inveterate, that, as Sir Joshua says of some French painter, "nature puts them out."

*A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters.* By John Smith. Part IV. Smith and Son.

THIS fourth part of Mr. Smith's interesting and, to collectors, invaluable publication, appears to be executed with as much care as its predecessors. It comprehends the lives and works of Jan Steen, Gerard Terburg, H. E.



Vander Neer, Peter de Hooe, Gonzales Corques, Gabriel Metsu, Gaspar Netscher, A. Vander Werf, Nicholas Maes, and Godfrey Schalcken.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Part XIII. Murray.

QUITE worthy of its predecessors. It contains "Martigny," after J. D. Harding; "The Tiber," after C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Florence," after Lieut.-Colonel Batt; "Soracte," after W. Purser; "Portrait of Thomas Moore, Esq.," after Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; "The Arch of Titus," after C. Stanfield, R.A.; and "The Walls of Rome," after J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Where all are so beautiful, it is almost invidious to particularise; but we are especially delighted with "Martigny," and "The Tiber." The former reminds us of the effect of the finest works which have been exhibited at the Diorama, with all their advantages of transparent and reflected light. The portrait of the Anacreontic poet is strikingly like.

*Views of the Lakes in the North of England;* from original Paintings by the most eminent Artists; with historical and descriptive Illustrations by John Robinson, D.D. Part I. Tilt.

THE beauty of the Lakes in the North of England has long been universally acknowledged. Wordsworth (and on such subjects a poet's is no mean authority) declares it to be his opinion, that in many points of view the English lakes are much more interesting than the lakes in the Alps. A publication, therefore, the object of which is to display the scenery of the lakes, must be very attractive, if the views are well selected, and executed with ability; and that such will be the case in the undertaking under our notice, the plates in the commencing part—which are "Ulswater, from Yew Crag," from a painting by Glover; "Derwent Water, from the foot of Castle Hill," from a painting by Nutter; and "Derwent Water, from the foot of Barrow," from a painting by Hofland—afford a very satisfactory earnest.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### NOTES OF A TOUR IN ALBANIA.

Continued.—YANINA.

17th.—Visited the Pacha, who was very splendidly robed; about his neck hung a miniature of the sultan, set in diamonds; and he was just going to the mosque. From the palace we went to the house of the Greek archbishop, where our pipes and coffee were handed to us by priests in canonicals. In the afternoon we took a boat and rowed to the island on the eastern side of the lake. The lake is about six miles long, and is in some parts two broad, enclosed on the east, west, and south, by lofty mountains; behind which range, on the eastern side, towers the majestic chain of Pindus. The island is not of great extent, and mostly barren rock. We landed at a small chapel, contiguous to which is the papa's residence; ascended a rickety ladder, and entered a small unfurnished apartment, in which Ali Pacha was murdered by order of the sultan. The first person who approached attempted to stab him with his yatagan in the act of saluting; but Ali, perceiving his intention, avoided the blow, and drawing his own arms, wounded his adversary, who fled. Upon this the soldiers, who had been placed under the room, fired through the floor, which is of thin boards, and killed him: there are four holes made by the balls. Dr. Theriano, our fellow-voyager, afterwards saw his head, which had been cut off in

the palace; it was sent to Constantinople,—his body was buried at Yanina.

18th.—The "commission," not having discovered any symptoms of the cholera, and having assembled the faculty of the city, who unanimously declared, that neither that disease nor any of a similar nature had existed for a great lapse of time—in fact, there were no sick in Yanina but themselves, of a nasty complaint, called by them *lack-fees*—determined to pursue, in search of it, their journey to Bitolia, the capital of Roumelia, where it was said to be committing ravages. We left Yanina at two o'clock P.M. for Zitzia, which is not in the direct road, but we were anxious to make this little detour to enjoy the beautiful scenery of that part of the country. Our cavalcade consisted in all of fourteen horses (post), three postillions, a Tartar, two servants, a guardiano, and ourselves. Ameen Pacha furnished us with the necessary papers, &c. The manner of reckoning distance is by hours; and the hire of a horse is generally a piastre per hour. If, however, the journey takes, in consequence of the badness of the roads or accidents, more than the time stated, there is no extra charge. Our route lay for the first two hours through a long uncultivated plain, save here and there patches of Indian corn, bounded on either hand by high ranges of sterile mountains; after which we crossed a rocky mountain, and descended into the immense and beautiful valley of Zitzia, at the extremity of which lies, yet unseen, the village of that name—monastic Zitzia! Ali Pacha had a country seat, on an eminence, at the entrance of the village,—it is now in ruins. I cannot describe better, or more accurately, the scenery, &c. which glads the eye and astonishes the mind, than by quoting the following stanzas of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. And I may here say, that I have ever found Lord Byron's descriptions of those places which I have visited, though poetical, substantially correct.

"Monastic Zitzia! from thy shady brow,  
Thou small, but favoured, spot of holy ground!  
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!  
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole;  
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll [soul.  
Between those hanging rocks that shock, yet please the  
Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh,  
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,  
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:  
Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer-by  
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee  
From hence, if he delight kind nature's sheen to see.  
Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;  
Here winds of gentler wing will fan his breast,  
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze;  
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize  
Pure pleasure while he can, the scorching ray  
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease!  
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.  
Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,  
Chimæra's Alps, extend from left to right;  
Beneath a living valley seems to stir,  
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain fir  
Nodding above; behold black Acheron!  
Once consecrated to the sepulchre—  
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon, [home.  
Close shamed Elysium's gates my shade shall seek for  
No city's towers pollute the lovely view;  
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few,  
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot;  
But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,  
The little shepherd, in his white capote,  
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock."

We took up our quarters in the convent,  
"Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill."

The papas, or monks, are now dispersed, but three remain. This hill overlooks the village, which lies below on another round eminence. It presents a curious and picturesque appearance. The houses are built of a greyish stone, tiled with the same material, but have no chimneys or windows; and the absence of any noise or appearance of people gives it a sombre and desolate air. Several other villages are in view, and add to the beauty of the picture. The vineyards produce excellent wine, and our good hosts, the papas, filled me some few bumpers.

19th.—On the road at seven A.M., and passing through a highly cultivated country, we halted, twelve o'clock, at a large khan in the valley of Palibocalanee. About two P.M. continued our journey along the side of a chain of lofty mountains, covered with trees and underwood. About five P.M. arrived in sight of a valley, which lay far below us, whilst the mountain, along whose sides our path lay, rose to an immense height above. At the foot of the Smolika range, on the western side of the valley, in a nook of the huge mass, lies Konitzia. The Vonitza, or Laos, serpentine through this happy valley; never did mortal eyes gaze on a lovelier scene,—never did I behold a painting which approached in its imitative forms this loveliness, this grandeur, this sublimity:—mountains upon mountains, till their summits were lost in the heavens, robed in forests, encircled this Elysian scene. Continuing our route along the heights, the Laos winding far below, we arrived at a small village called Ostanitza. The scenery through which we passed this day no pencil or pen can describe—refreshing breezes, the delicious temperature, the teeming valleys, gliding streams, the sublime mountains, the pure blue sky with not a cloud,—all was enchantment. At Ostanitza, our retinue was so great, that we found some difficulty in obtaining a quarter: however, at last, we were very comfortably lodged in the small house of a Corfiote *médécin*.

20th.—At six o'clock *en route*, and having crossed the Vonnine and Poros rivers by bridges, we continued to ascend till we arrived at Lexovico, situated on a ridge of high mountains. The town is, I think, handsomely built, cleanly, and very superior to any we have yet seen; it has good bazars, and in the market we bought about 8lbs. of excellent lamb for less than a shilling. My habiliments attracted much attention, and they did me the honour to take my Swiss frock, &c. for the insignia of a wandering fakir, or dervise. Continuing our course through passes bound in by mountains, and covered with pine-trees, and over mountains of iron ore, we descended into the plain of Kolonia, of vast extent, and highly cultivated. It is astonishing how level some of these plains are; hardly a hillock rises to interrupt the smoothness for miles. About eight o'clock we arrived at the residence of the aga, and, having smoked our chiboukes, and sipped our coffee, proceeded to the house appointed for our quarters. The aga sent us a fine lamb, which was killed, and roasted whole for supper. The light was admitted into the rooms through holes, only sufficiently large to introduce the muzzle of a firelock. The houses of the Albanian Turks are all detached buildings, and are prepared for defence.

(To be continued.)

#### MUSIC.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

THE second concert took place last Monday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, it being Pas-

sion-week, consisted chiefly of sacred music. The classical nature of the selection, and the general excellence of the performance, reflected the highest credit on the directors, whose exertions were rewarded by an overflowing audience.

The most striking feature in the programme was the first item, Beethoven's Mass in C major, which was actually performed throughout, without curtailment or omission. This and some other good things have suggested several remarks, which we are compelled reluctantly to postpone till next week, when we hope for leisure to give a more detailed account of a concert that has afforded us much gratification.

#### GERMAN MINSTRELS.

ON Thursday evening we attended a private rehearsal, by four new musical claimants to popular favour, who are about to give morning concerts at Weeks's concert-room. They are, we believe, from Brunswick, and have attracted great applause by their performances there, at Leipzig, and other parts of Germany. Nor are we surprised at this from the specimens we heard of the style in which they execute quartets, trios, &c. It is, indeed, very peculiar, and partakes of the perfect precision of a single well-toned instrument; but the harmony is as rich as it is correct. F. Olo, the bass, is also, we observe, the clever composer of some of the pieces; and C. Otto, the tenor, has a very fine organ. The names of the others are Busse and Schneider. Kerner's celebrated sword song, as a quartet, was one of the most effective; and Nanny (Horch! horcht! horcht! die Abendglocke schlaegt) one of the most original and pleasing; if we except a volunteer "Good Morning," which was not in the book. This delightful and curious air was loudly encored, as were several of the preceding pieces. On the whole, we are inclined to think this novelty will meet with much success in a capital where variety of entertainment is always acceptable. The German language is not the best for vocal excellence and expression; but as samples of a national school, the singing of these minstrels is well deserving of encouragement.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Canzonets, composed by Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, (dedicated, by desire, to the Queen).* London, 1833. Welsh.

WE may well grace the first place in our musical review with a notice of these beautiful Canzonets. It is not a compliment to the royal personage whose name they bear, but a just homage to their own excellence which induces us to say, that since the days of Haydn we have met with nothing of the kind which has delighted us so much. From professors of the art we hear the same opinion; and they (whom we have spoken with) talk in terms of high admiration of the variety of styles in the first, second, and fifth. For ourselves, and our own mere tastes, we confess to a preference for the third, fourth, and sixth; but does not this very difference of opinion say volumes for the merit of the whole? Musical talents, and the just appreciation of the musical abilities of others, we were well aware dwelt in the House of Guelf; but we had no idea that any female amateur, of any race, could produce so sweet a series of compositions as these.

*She stood alone upon the Heath.* Composed by Alex. D. Roche. J. Duff.

A BEAUTIFUL ballad, and one of Mr. Roche's

very sweetest compositions: it is appropriately accompanied, and the melody suited to the words, which, like almost all the favourite songs of the day, tell a whole story.

*Sweet, winding Avon.* Poetry by Robert Folkestone Williams. Composed by Charles Hodson. J. Duff.

ANOTHER ballad by a favourite composer, and likely to increase his popularity, from its extreme beauty and simplicity.

*Honour to the Brave.* Composed by David Lee. J. Duff.

A CLEVER composition, very spirited, and words and music admirably suited to each other; but we rather think it is too high for private singing; few voices can sustain G, F sharp, and G, though many can easily touch on them.

*Away from thee, my charming Fair.* Composed by W. Bark. W. Bark.

UTTER rubbish, without one single word or note to redeem the barking.

*Pastoral Duet: Fair and fair, and twice so fair.* S. Chappell.

A PLEASANT lively duet: the music is clever, and the words playful. We recommend it cordially to all lovers of the old-fashioned style.

*Our Row.* Composed by J. Blewitt. J. Dean.

*Comic Lays: Nos. 1 and 2.* Composed by J. Blewitt. T. C. Bates.

THREE merry rattling songs, well calculated to create a laugh in the convivial circles, where, indeed, they have been often sung with applause.

*Jephtha's Daughter.* Composed by J. Nathan. J. Fentum.

EXQUISITELY beautiful: nothing can be more perfect than this melody. No collection of sacred music should be without so fine a composition.

*Songs of Captivity.* The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans; composed by her Sister. J. Willis.

A BEAUTIFUL, though not very new idea, sweetly executed by both poetess and composer. The slaves of many lands allowed one hour "for distant homes to weep," sing their own peculiar melodies. The various styles require no little talent in imitating, and these songs leave us nothing to wish for.

*King and Fatherland.* Arranged by J. Wilms. Goulding and D'Almaine.

WE have read the title-page, and we must praise and recommend it, though it is rather a small two-shillings' worth of King and Fatherland. It is a well-known Dutch air.

We have many other songs lying on our table; but as they are not above mediocrity, we cannot afford room for separate notices. *Lyra Germanica* in our next musical review.

#### VARIETIES.

*New Fire.*—Mr. John Hancock, of North End, Fulham, has, we are assured, invented a compound which burns under water, and which continues inflammable in any accumulation of moisture. It is in all respects similar to the much celebrated Greek Fire. He proposes to apply it not to human destruction, but to the saving of the lives of miners. It is the most perfect and unerring fuse for blasting ever contrived; the wet, damp, and water, which often interfere, being no hindrance to its perfect and definite action. It may, too, be accommodated to time, as a yard will burn out in one or two minutes, or in five or six minutes,

as desired. It is, moreover, as cheap as any fuse that ever was made.

*Biela's Reported Comet.*—During 1832, the amateurs in astronomy in Europe and America put their telescopes in order, to view the portended comet; but to this hour we have heard of no one who says he saw it but Sir F. W. Herschel. That gentleman, with breathless haste, advised the public, in *The Times* of Sept. 23, that he had seen it the previous morning. Its exact course was known, and the weather was memorably clear; yet it was invisible to all the observatories of Europe and America—even to Biela and the indefatigable Germans. In the middle of November, however, a second communication appeared from the same gentleman; in which he admits that, from some unexplained cause, he did not see it nor look for it for six weeks, but then readily found it, on Nov. 4. It had been thought that Sir James South's and the Dorpat were the best telescopes in Europe, though comets scarcely require such. Was it seen by any other person, and when, and where?—*From a Correspondent.*

*Convent Garden Fund.*—We forgot to notice this anniversary in our last Gazette; though it went off "excellently well" on the preceding Wednesday. The subscription reached some 1000*l.*—the singing was various and pleasing,—and nothing occurred to damp the festive enjoyments of the company.

*The Olympic* closed a successful season on Saturday, with a humorous address, delivered by Madame Vestris. After the fall of the curtain, the *corps dramatique* had a fall too, at supper, upon the stage, with a few authors and amateur friends to join in the symposium.

*The Adelphi* on Saturday finished its most meritorious and successful campaign. Mr. Yates bade his well-pleased audience good-by; and the only regret which seemed to be felt was, that it was the last night.

*Pupils of the Royal Academy.*—The first concert of these interesting young musicians took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday. Master Bennett's composition for, and execution on, the piano are absolutely wonderful: he bids fair to be at the head of the profession. Many of the other pieces were very pleasing, and extremely well played. Of the singers, Mr. G. Le Jeune shewed the greatest improvement. A madrigal, by the whole, was very beautiful.

*The approaching Exhibition.*—We have of late years abstained from offering partial opinions of works preparing for the exhibition, because we could not do justice to all alike; and we deemed it hardly fair towards those whose productions we might have no opportunity of seeing, to advance before them others where we had been more fortunate. It is no breach of this rule, however, to mention, as likely to adorn the walls of the Royal Academy, an admirable whole-length of the King, by Mr. Simpson; a capital Princess Vittoria, by Mr. Hayter; several splendid Indian Scenes, by Daniell; fine portraits by Parris; others by Salter (a most promising artist, just returned from Rome); an Irish Halloween, by M'Clise, and worthy of his rising fame—of all which we have accidentally had cognisance, which enables us to promise high gratification from their public appearance.

*Bon Mot.*—"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. — to her friend Mrs. —, whose *en-bon-point* is so strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean!" "I'll tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish. You think too much of me—too little of yourself."

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Robert Montgomery announces a new poem, entitled *Woman, the Angel of Life*: an attempt to portray the influence of female character on society.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Argument for placing Factory Children within the Pale of the Law, by George Cotton, Esq., 8vo. 1s. 6d. *Letter to Lord Ashley on the Cotton Factory System*, &c., by Kirkman Finlay, Esq., 8vo. 3d. sewed.—Remarks on the Propriety and Necessity of making the Factory Bill of more general Application, 8vo. 6d. sd.—The Cambridge Calendar for 1833, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Paris Directory and Visitor's Guide, 18mo. 3s. sewed.—*Reminiscences of Needlework, with Specimens*, 9d., without, 1s. 6d.—*American Criticisms on Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans,"* 8vo. 1s. sewed.—*The Port Admiral, a Tale of the War*, by the Author of "Cavendish," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*The Exile of Idria, a German Tale*, in 3 cantos, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Ser-

mons, by the late Rev. William Howel, Vol. II., 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*The Genius of Judaism*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Faust, a Dramatic Poem*, by Goethe, translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c., 8vo. 12s. bds.—*The Government of India*, by Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm, 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Figaro's Epigrams*, 8vo. 2s. half-bd.—*Don Juan*, Canto XVII., 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's *Seven Sermons on the Lord's Supper*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Pesher on the National Debt*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*The Preacher*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—*Wallace's Treatise on the Venereal Disease, and its Varieties*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*The Emigrant's Guide to obtain Lands, &c. in the Canada*, by F. A. Evans, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Casper House, translated from the German of Von Feuerbach, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Rev. L. Clower's (of Manchester) *Miscellaneous Sermons*, 8vo. 9s. cloth.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Delta was mislaid till too late this week. Other Correspondents in our next.

## GENERAL METEOROLOGICAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1832.

(Kept at Edmonton.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.		Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.		N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.	
January..	49	16	35.09	33	30.34	29.33	29.9007	1.05	1.3		2	1	11	34	23	3	18	
February..	53	19	37.90	34	30.45	29.18	30.0175	1.27	.925		3	1	1	103	23	5	18	
March ..	57	20	40.99	37	30.36	29.29	29.9411	1.05	1.225		3	1	1	1	4	5	103	
April ....	67	28	46.63	39	30.50	29.39	29.9600	1.20	.750		6	1	1	1	9	1	5	
May .....	77	29	53.15	48	30.33	29.29	29.9316	1.04	2.15		2	1	1	1	5	4	114	
June .....	77	35	56.04	42	30.35	29.46	29.9034	.89	3.075		11	1	1	1	4	7	114	
July .....	82	38	62.37	44	30.27	29.47	29.9733	.69	1.90		4	1	1	71	2	13	16	
August ..	81	39	56.64	42	30.19	29.18	29.9202	1.01	1.925		1	2	1	1	4	1	14	
September	73	30	55.69	43	30.46	29.52	30.0767	.94	1.35		1	2	1	1	4	1	22	
October ..	68	28	51.14	40	30.33	29.16	29.9475	1.17	2.925		2	5	11	1	4	1	23	
November	54	28	41.98	26	30.31	29.42	29.9185	.89	1.95		1	1	1	1	4	7	103	
December	67	25	41.30	32	30.35	29.39	29.9853	.96	1.98		1	1	1	1	1	6	22	
Year .....	82	16	48.59	66	30.50	29.16	29.9892	1.34	20.955		27	15	51	51	54	38	57	159

(Kept at High Wycombe, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.		Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.		N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.	
January..	47	21.25	34.55241	25.75	30.16	29.08	29.69075	1.08	1.275		2	6	2	2	2	11	5	
February..	55	22.50	35.92027	32.50	30.26	28.71	29.7931	1.55	0.475		5	3	3	1	1	5	2	
March ..	54.75	22.25	38.18145	32.50	30.08	29.06	29.69131	1.02	3.005		4	3	3	3	3	3	4	
April ....	68.50	27.50	44.5025	41	30.28	29.06	29.74066	1.22	1.481		7	1	6	3	3	3	4	
May .....	77.50	31.25	49.1834	46.25	30.18	29.02	29.70537	1.16	2.731		6	5	2	1	1	13	3	
June .....	75.50	35	50.34166	40.50	30.15	29.22	29.62608	0.93	3.25		2	2	4	5	1	9	7	
July .....	78	39.50	50.50406	39.50	30.13	29.45	29.64	0.68	1.568		5	2	2	6	2	7	9	
August ..	78.75	37	57.31854	41.75	30.04	29.02	29.63311	1.12	4.789		2	1	1	1	1	1	12	
September	75.50	32.50	52.04583	43	30.27	29.36	29.7233	0.91	0.45		4	3	4	8	8	8	3	
October ..	65	29.75	47.60935	35.25	30.16	29.01	29.8186	1.25	4.4		7	4	12	1	1	1	5	
November	56.50	28	40.93938	28.50	30.15	29.18	29.50392	0.97	4.45		4	1	11	7	1	1	3	
December	59.25	25.50	39.94063	27.75	30.20	29.14	29.74063	1.06	2.081		5	2	11	7	1	1	3	
Year .....	78.75	21.25	46.21975	57.50	30.27	28.71	29.72333	1.56	29.938		38	39	50	70	28	14	65	62

(Kept at Cheltenham, by Mr. Samuel Moss.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.		Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.		N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.	
January..	49.5	31.5	40.2	18.0	30.18	29.18	29.74	1.0	2		2	2	6	2	2	11	5	
February..	55.0	28.5	39.9	26.5	30.26	29.04	29.60	1.22	5		3	3	4	7	1	6	4	
March ..	56.0	31.0	44.6	25.0	30.12	29.13	29.69	0.99	2		3	2	6	7	1	2	7	
April ....	69.5	38.5	49.77	31.0	30.19	29.25	29.76	0.94	4		1	1	6	7	1	2	4	
May .....	70.0	38.5	54.242	31.5	30.14	29.11	29.70	1.03	5		6	3	3	3	3	3	6	
June .....	73.5	48.5	60.3	25.0	30.05	29.24	29.67	0.81	3		4	3	3	1	3	5	10	
July .....	76.5	49.0	62.5	27.5	30.03	29.47	29.79	0.56	3		3	2	5	1	2	4	8	
August ..	76.0	49.0	61.105	27.0	29.96	29.02	29.615	0.94	3		3	2	5	1	2	4	8	
September	72.0	45.0	58.51	27.0	29.91	29.41	29.634	0.78	2		5	1	4	4	1	3	8	
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November	59.0	29.5	45.741	29.5	30.21	29.30	29.605	1.01	3		3	6	4	1	1	4	8	
December	56.5	34.0	44.97	22.5	30.15	29.34	29.734	0.91	1		12	4	3	1	5	8	7	
Year .....	76.5	28.5	51.206	48.0	30.26	29.01	29.725	1.25	22.45		45	33	54	31	32	57	90	

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